Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who comes here,

Enter the Queene, and the Dutches of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweet,
If yet your gentle soules flye in the ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your aiery wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.
Q. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,
Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrales of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy *Mary* dyed, and my sweet sonne.
Dut. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke, with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue
As thou canst yeild a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here;
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?
Dut. So many miseries hath crazd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue, is mute and dumb
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiory,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper-hand,
If sorrow can admit society.
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him:
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs
That Dog that had his teeth be
To worry Lambes, and lap their
That foule defacer of Gods han
Thy wombe let loose to chafe v
O vpright, iust, and true disposi
How do I thanke thee, for this
Preyes on the issue of his Mothe
And make her pewfellow with
Dut. O *Harries* wife, triumph
God witnesse with me I haue w
Q. Mar. Beare with me, I am hu
And now I cloy me with beho
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that sta
Thy other *Edward* dead, to qu
Young *Yorke*, he is but boote, b
Match not the high perfection
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that
And the beholders of this tragi
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riue*
Vntimely smothered in their d
Richard yet liues, hels blacke i
Onely reserued their factor to
And send them thither, but at
Ensues his pitious, and vnpiti
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends
To haue him suddenly conuey
Cancell his bonds of life dea
That I may liue to say, the D
Qu. O thou didst prophesi
That I should wish for thee t
That botteld spider, that foul
Q. Mar. I cald thee then va
I cald thee then poore shado
The presentation of but wha
The flattering index of a di
One heau'd a high to be hur
A mother onely mockt with
A dreame of which thou we